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PEORIA BOOK OF VERSE





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Let's Go by way of PEORIA

*and
See*

The

BEAUTIFUL ILLINOIS
RIVER VALLEY SCENIC
ROUTE, STARVED ROCK,
GRAND VIEW DRIVE,
AND PEORIA'S FAMOUS PARKS







Deirdre
Through the world lonely,
I must be wending
Questing with only
Beauty the ending:
If you would speed me
Bravely along
Kindly one, feed me
Moreels of song.

'Pilgrimage'





Peoria Book of Verse



Published for
THE PEORIA ALLIED ENGLISH INTERESTS
by
THE MANUAL ARTS PRESS
Peoria, Illinois

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FOREWORD

IN THE fall of 1921 a group of men and women in Peoria were considering ways and means of stimulating a wider interest in poetry. This group was known as the Allied English Interests because it had acted as a committee in bringing to Peoria several world-famous poets, and because it was organizing to undertake larger activities in the field of literature. A member of the group suggested that one way of stimulating interest in poetry would be to gather together the best poems that have been written by Peorians, and publish them as a community undertaking. This suggestion was approved by the group, and Miss Caroline Rice, head of the English Department of the Peoria High School, chairman of the group, appointed the undersigned committee to carry the suggestion into effect.

A list was made of residents and former residents of Peoria who were known to have written in verse form. Letters were sent to these, explaining the project and asking each writer to submit from one to six of his poems for the consideration of the committee. The newspapers assisted very cordially, and within a short time about two hundred contributions were in the hands of the committee. All of the contributions were read by each member of the committee, and then a series of committee meetings was held which resulted in eliminating about half of the contributions and expressing unanimous approval of many of the remaining ones.

Meanwhile, Professor John T. Frederick of the University of Iowa, editor and publisher of *The Midland*, had accepted an invitation to read the poems picked out by the committee and make the final selection for the volume. This

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he did in August, 1922, and his work resulted in the choice of the sixty-four poems which appear in this volume.

The committee is grateful to all persons who sent contributions—to those whose poems were not selected as well as to those who were more fortunate. Every contribution helped in carrying forward the committee's work. The committee is grateful, also, to the several persons who assisted in an advisory capacity. And each member of the committee feels personally indebted to Professor Frederick for the special service he rendered in making the final selection and writing the introduction to the volume.

The drawings for the decoration of the volume were made by Miss Leila M. Thompson of Peoria, and the forms selected were suggested by the modest shingle oak which is one of the characteristic trees found on the hillsides and in the river bottoms around Peoria.

The Committee,

HUGH COOPER,

JENNIE M. CONSTANCE,

EMILY F. JOHNSON,

ELIZABETH V. ROBERTS,

CHARLES A. BENNETT,

Chairman.

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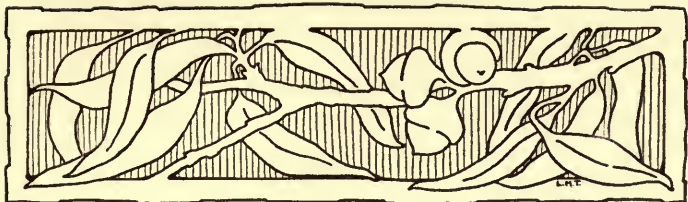
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INTRODUCTION

BY JOHN T. FREDERICK



THE Peoria Book of Verse brings together into a single volume the poetic expression of a community from the beginning of its history up to the present time. What the people of one city in the Middle West of America have thought and felt is here set down, in the most adequate terms which have been vouchsafed to those people.

Rightly, the volume is varied. It includes the poetic expression of many different phases of human experience, interpreted from widely diverging points of view. The comic will be found side by side with the tragic. The validity of the homely expression of humble, everyday experience has been recognized, as well as the significance of the lofty and the eloquent. Writers among the most distinguished of their time in America, who have made Peoria their home, appear here with others who have remained unknown even in their native city outside a narrow circle. The mature men and women of Peoria to-day contribute, along with those of a past generation,

and with the younger writers of the city whose highly promising first work appears here. The sum total is a collection which Peorians will read with interest and treasure with pride.

The thing which Peoria is doing in this book, however, is significant outside the city itself. In past years American cities have sought primarily for material expression of their civic consciousness. Citizens have been content with numbers of population, with tall buildings, with manufactures and commerce as symbols and expressions of their enthusiasm and their faith. But at the present time it is evident that American cities are ceasing to be content with achievements measurable wholly in material terms. The civic pride of American municipalities is beginning to find expression in parks and playgrounds, in schools and libraries, in orchestras and art galleries: in the things of the spirit. The present volume serves to unify one city's aspiration and achievement in one of the arts, that of poetry. By its publication Peoria attains a position of leadership among American cities in the vitally important movement toward community consciousness in the arts.

Glennie, Alcona County, Michigan.
September first, 1922.



"That shining pinnacle"



THE NEW BUILDING*

JULIA PROCTOR WHITE

Of cold steel are its bones, and poured stone its
marrow.

Hard and unyielding substances provide it form;
Direct and four-square it rises from the earth,
Built to endure, prepared for generations yet to
come,

A stronghold for the commerce of men's minds.
But from its height blossoms a stately flower—
A lovely, airy thing, half dome, half tower.

It was born of dreams,
And it shall beget dreams,—
It has a magic power.

Who knows how many a child, seeing it rise
On the bright splendor of the winter skies,
Shall sing with it a triumphant song
And find the home to which his thoughts belong;
Or when the delicate gray mist of spring
Spreads a pale shadow over everything,

*Peoria Life Insurance Building.

How many a watcher on the neighboring hill
Shall feel his heart suddenly thrill
And quicken with new fervor
To see that shape of beauty floating free,
Like a frail palace risen from a shadowy sea.
Or who can tell what toiler in the dust and heat
Shall lift his eyes to meet
That shining pinnacle;
And on the instant, free of time and space,
Feel a cool mountain wind upon his face!

It gives forth light
By day as by night.
It is a prophecy of cities new and fair,
Of better, happier times
When strength shall flower in beauty everywhere.

EASTER

JULIA PROCTOR WHITE

April days have come again;
Days of sun and days of rain,
Days of wind-swept cloudy weather,
Tears and laughter flung together.
Everything must bud and blossom,
Everything must wake and sing;
They that can not—will not—
Have no part in spring.

April, touch the broken-hearted!
Lift them from their heavy sleep;
With tears of joy and solemn laughter
Make them laugh and make them weep.
I am one who needs you, April,
I have heard your call to rise.
Let me feel your mighty rapture,
Let me ride your windy skies.
Flood me with your laughing passion,
Shake me with your ecstasy,
Break the cramping shard that binds me,
Strip my useless grief from me.
Take me, wake me, make me live!
Give me all you have to give.
Let my stifled heart recapture
All the glory of the spring,
Till in one tremendous moment
I shall blossom, I shall sing.

BEFORE MAN WAS

JULIA PROCTOR WHITE

I have come far, and I am tired.
It is good to lie close to the earth,
In the warm sunshine.
I do not wish to be disturbed;
But something calls me.
It calls me when I am running;
When I sleep, it wakens me.
What calls?
When I look for it, it is gone.
Nothing could call from within me!
Fruits and nuts, earth, even the quick water
I can touch;
I hold them in my hands.
What do I want that I can not touch?
What calls?

SANTA CLAUS

JOHN J. O'KEEFE

He is the spirit of the mist and snow,
Who sails through the star-lit air,
And carries the song of the mistletoe
To sweethearts everywhere.

He is the breath of a million pines,
That glitter in candle-light;
He is the glow of the lamp that shines
For the poor on Christmas night.

He is the magical artisan
Who fashions a dream from truth,
The boy that lives in the heart of a man,
The soul of eternal youth.
He is the laughter that leads each band
Of carolers joyously;
He is the spirit that guides your hand
When you give sweet charity.

Oh, you fancy him a fat old squire
Lugging a bundle of toys,
But he is the spirit of heart's desire
And the soul of a thousand joys.
You'll never find him up in the skies,
Nor up the chimney flue,
For he is the spirit of love that lies
Deep down in the heart of you!

SONG OF THE STEAM SHOVEL

JOSEPHINE BOWMAN WETZLER

I tear at the heart of the sleeping earth,
I wake the hills with my noisy mirth,
Through me the dreams of the world have birth.

I throb with a power beyond the ken
Of the pigmy strength of your pigmy men,
Sweating in factory, office, and pen.

Grunting and swinging, I lay my path;
The soft earth sinks 'neath the weight of my wrath;
The far hills shake to the rock of my laugh.

Your streams I change to the course you please;
I gut your mountains; I join your seas;
The smoke of my breath is on every breeze.

High through the hiss of my mighty steams,
Clear through the discordant grunts and screams,
Harmony swells, the music of dreams.

Music of boilers, tested and strong,
Iron arms riveted, steady and long,
Steaming and dreaming, I sing my song;
Hear me, ye idlers, hark to my song!

I sing of the men who cut your trails,
Who span your rivers and lay your rails,
The man who tries and the man who fails.

I sing of the glory of work well done,
A night's rest earned at the set of sun,
A brave thing dared and a good fight won.

So I sing my song to the men who build,
Till the last ditch is dug and the last cut filled,
Till my fires are dead and my voice is stilled,

Till they scrap me for junk and I'm thrown away;
But I've sung my song and I've had my day,
And the work of my dreams and my toil will stay!

THE TWO GODS

JOSEPHINE BOWMAN WETZLER

Sometimes I pray to a little God
Who makes His home within
The narrow walls of my own heart,
So filled with selfish sin.

And to this God I send such prayers
As, "Help my man get work,"
And "Help us send the boys through school,"
"Let none our duty shirk,"

"Help Johnnie get his tonsils out,
And, God, sir, I'd be glad
If you would bless the garden truck
Put in this spring by Dad."

But to the other God, my prayers
Must stronger be and higher;
He could not hear the whispered words
Of selfish heart's desire.

This other God is not just mine;
He rules a larger sphere,
And to the voices of all worlds
He bends a list'ning ear.

"Oh, God of law and love," I pray,
Infinite of time and space,
Hide not from this, Thy foolish world,
The glory of Thy face.

"Send faith as Thou doth send the rain,
To ease a fevered earth,
That man may bear the wracking pain
Of spiritual rebirth."

* * * * *

Sometimes I wonder if my prayers—
The mighty and the small,
Don't reach the self-same ear at last
And one God hears them all.

FIVE SONNETS

JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING

I

Free men alone are they who do the right,
For liberty obedience is to law;
And they who from this service sweet withdraw
Are made the slaves of a stern tyrant's might.

To serve within our place and in God's sight,
To keep our lives unstained and without flaw,
To walk in humbleness and holy awe
Is to be clothed with freedom as with light.

The truth, the blessed Saviour said, makes free,
And they who do the right, the truth shall know,
And only they are sons of liberty.
No laws of men the heavenly gift bestow;
The soul is freedom's fort by God's decree,
Which naught but our own deeds can overthrow.

From *The Poet's Praise*

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. 1887

II

As one who looks on boundless waste of snow,
When all the world is white, and through the sky
The drifting flakes in blinding currents fly,
Up-caught by winds that eddy to and fro,

And piled in drifts that ever higher grow,
Until all things far as can reach the eye
In one great winding-sheet deep buried lie,
Sees with glad heart, afar his hearth fire glow,

Conscious of the warm love that nestles there;
So human souls, looking on wintry space,
And chilled by fickle blasts of time, turn where,
Through all the dark and doubt and woe, God's face
Appears eternal, patient, and all fair,
Though in the gloom, His form they dimly trace.

From *God and the Soul*
THE GRAFTON PRESS

III

Oh, woman, shut within the narrow bound
Of household duties and of petty cares,
The slave of little thoughts and small affairs,
Who in thy treadmill walkest daily round,

To thee the poet comes with blessing crowned,
And builds for thy sore feet the golden stairs
Which upward lead away from all despairs
To the pure heaven where God and love are found.

Oh, love him well; like thee he sorrow knows
And wrongs, to gentle hearts most hard to bear;
Like thee he yearns for worlds where love o'erflows
And works for men who reck not of his care;
Like thee, upborne by love, he onward goes,
Singing his tender thought to some sweet air.

From The Poet's Praise

IV

It may be none will read the rhymes I write;
Much better verse has had no better fate,
And truest poetry has oft to wait
The poet's death ere it may claim its right.

I need not gold and find enough delight
In quiet walks where sings a muse sedate;
My task at least is harmless, if not great;
I am content without a proselyte.

Yet in these songs there may be found a note
Which to some dolorous heart will solace bring,
A tone with which high hope will blend and float,
A line to which some memory will cling.
And therefore to their fate I them devote,
Like seed sown in the shifting winds of spring.

From God and the Soul

V

When shall the poet come, whose thrilling song
Shall sound like voice of God on earth again,
And lift all hearts from selfish joy and pain
To that pure region where all souls belong;

To faith and hope and love, with purpose strong
To do the right, nor seek a richer gain;
To serve, be helpful, just, and so to reign,
Since they are more than kings who war on wrong?

The world is listening now if it may hear
That science, love, religion, all agree,
And with one voice proclaim that God is near;
That what true men have hoped for yet shall be,
That ways we walk in shall grow broad and clear,
Until the struggle cease and all are free.

From *The Poet's Praise*

THE ARMY OF THE GRASS

ELIZABETH WORTHINGTON DENISON

The slender lances pierce the mould
With not a hint of sound;
The eager scouts run here and there
On royal business bound.

Then, in a night, the hosts appear,
With emerald banners furled,
And silently proclaim their right
To occupy the world.

APPLE TREES IN CALIFORNIA

ELIZABETH WORTHINGTON DENISON

They stand amid the blossoming orange trees,
With deep Italian skies and balmy air,
With light and warmth and color everywhere,
And opulent soil enriched through centuries.

All nature woos and smiles and fain would bless.
Shall not the sweetness of her magic stir
Their calmer, northern blood to worship her,
Requiting with swift bloom her tenderness?

Nay, look upon their leafless, silent boughs
Clad in a patient loyalty sublime.
No passionate call their tranquil blood can rouse;
'Tis winter yet in their far distant clime.
Give me the gift that their dumb life endows.
Give me the faith to trust my own springtime.

ACROSS THE RIVER, PEORIA

ELIZABETH WORTHINGTON DENISON

A dull and grimy street
Where heavy foot-falls beat
 Day after weary day
 With naught of glad or gay,
Save in the blue above,
To show that life is Love,
 A monotone unblest,
 A problem still unguessed.

But as I plod along,
One with the toiling throng,
 I cross a thoroughfare
 And see before me there
Beyond the far street line*
A vision fair and fine
 Of river, wood, and sky,
 The heart to satisfy.

So, as the spirit fares
Through sordid woes and cares,
 Its birthright all unknown,
 Its harvest yet unsown,
A vision fine and fair
As of diviner air,
 Gleams on the inner sight
 Out of the realm of light.

*It is characteristic of the down-town district of Peoria that many of the streets seem to end in the broad river, beyond which are the wooded bluffs of Tazewell County.

MY FIRST CIGAR

ROBERT J. BURDETTE

'Twas just behind the woodshed,
One glorious summer day,
Far o'er the hills the sinking sun
Pursued his westward way;
And in my safe seclusion
Removed from all the jar
And din of earth's confusion,
I smoked my first cigar.

It was my first cigar!
It was the worst cigar!
Raw, green, and dank, hide-bound and rank,
It was my first cigar!

Ah, bright the boyish fancies
Wrapped in the smoke-wreaths blue;
My eyes grew dim, my head was light,
The woodshed round me flew!
Dark night closed in around me—
Black night without a star—
Grim death methought had found me
And spoiled my first cigar.

It was my first cigar!
A six-for-five cigar!
No viler torch the air could scorch—
It was my first cigar!

All pallid was my beaded brow,
The reeling night was late;
My startled mother cried in fear,
"My child, what have you ate?"
I heard my father's smothered laugh,
It seemed so strange and far;
I knew he knew I knew he knew
I'd smoked my first cigar!

It was my first cigar!
A give-away cigar!
I could not die—I knew not why—
It was my first cigar!

Since then I've stood in reckless ways,
I've dared what men can dare,
I've mocked at danger, walked with death,
I've laughed at pain and care;

I do not dread what may befall
'Neath my malignant star,
No frowning fate again can make
Me smoke my first cigar.

I've smoked my first cigar!
My first and worst cigar!
Fate has no terrors for the man
Who's smoked his first cigar!

From Smiles Yoked with Sighs
Copyright, 1900. Used by special
permission of the publishers,
THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY.

BUT!

ROBERT J. BURDETTE

(Dedicated to Capricornicus, the great butter!)

THE MUSICIAN

Her white hands over the white keys strayed,
But her soul was above the stars;
And the far-off look in her eyes betrayed
The fire in the wayward bars.
Then her spirit found birth in a burst of song,
For Music held her hands,
And the full-born harmony flowed along
Like the cadence of angel bands!
And the listening multitudes thronged to hear,
And, weeping, they went away,
A-fire and a-tremble, with love and fear
To dream, and to do, and to pray.
But! The lodgers upstairs and across the street
Prayed heaven that the howl might cease;
And they rent their garments and tore their hair,
And yelled, "POLICE! POLICE!"

THE ARTIST

Long, with head bowed down,
 He gazed at the embers' glow
Till the midnight paused o'er the slumbering town,
 And the waning moon hung low.
Then his dark eyes flashed with a genius rare;
 To the easel he sprang with a bound.
And he wrought by the glimmering firelight there
 While the shadows gathered around.
And all night long,
 Till the pale, pale dawn
Looked in at his casement dim,
 He painted "The Song of the Dying Swan,"
And the song she sang to him,
 And the wondering throngs of awe-struck men,
Knelt down to the dream he had wrought;
 For he painted the Soul of the Where and the When
The Never, the Which, and the Ought!

But! When it was dry, he took it down
 And bore it far from thence;
And sold it for gold in a distant town,
 For two dollars and fifteen cents.

THE POET

He could not sleep,
For the stars were calling,
The spaces of blue burned white for him;
The echoes of night around him falling
Came up through the ether clear and dim.
It were profane to light a taper!
Low on the breast of the night he leaned!
He found in the dark some ink and paper,
And then, with his eyes from the starlight screened,
He wrote with a pen that went swiftly flying,
Over the pages that flew away,
The songs of Light that the night was singing—
The joyous songs of the coming day,
Words that should be for aye and forever,
Thoughts that should stand while time should last—
Dreams of tomorrow, yesterday, never,
Words which would sun and the moon outlast.

But! He carted them down next day to the sanctum,
“Read, then,” he cried, “what the Muse declares!”
Straight to the door the editor yanked ’em
And fired him down two flights of stairs.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS*

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Though Scotland boasts a thousand names,
Of patriot, king, and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all
Was loved and cradled here.
Here lived the gentle peasant-prince,
The loving Cotter-King,
Compared with whom the grandest lord
Is but a titled thing.

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
A hovel made of clay,—
One door shuts out the snow and storm—
One window greets the day.
And yet I stand within this room
And hold all thrones in scorn,
For here, beneath this lowly thatch
Love's sweetest bard was born.

Within this hallowed hut I feel
Like one who clasps a shrine,
When the glad lips at last have touched
The something deemed divine.
And here the world, through all the years,
As long as day returns,
The tribute of its love and tears
Will pay to Robert Burns.

Aug. 19, 1878.

*From the author's manuscript copy of this poem which has hung for many years in the librarian's office in the Peoria Public Library.

ON THE HEIGHTS*

JULIA HARRIETTE JOHNSTON

The beautiful bending river,
The billows of changing green,
The light where the sunbeams quiver,
The shadows that lie between
Are seen from the heights above them,
Where lieth a charmed repose,
And one can but look and love them
From dawn till the daytime's close.

The fields in the sunlight golden,
Respond to the smiling sky;
The tale is a story olden:
The harvester's joy is nigh.
The gold of the sheaf and stubble
Lies brilliant against the green;
The stress of the toil and trouble
Is gone from the happy scene.

The heights overlook the beauty;
Refreshment and rest are here;
But some one toiled at his duty,
And yonder the fruits appear.
The peace of the heights will rest thee
With a look beyond and below;
But the call of the field will test thee,
And ultimate fruit will show.

*Prospect Heights, Peoria.

So hark, for a season's quiet,
To the syllables, soft and sweet,
Where the whispering breezes riot,
And the birds for their chorus meet.
In the hush of the heights unbroken,
Recover thy strength, and then,
When the ringing word is spoken,
Hie down to the fields again.

From Bright Threads

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & Co. 1897

A WINTER PARABLE*

JULIA HARRIETTE JOHNSTON

How still it is! Did ever shout
Of summer friends ring blithely out?
The echoes of the long ago
Are muffled in the fallen snow;
The hills, through many a day and night
Have kept their fleecy garments white;
The gorge between is heaped and piled
With drifts fantastic, wind-beguiled.
The narrow footway, lost or strayed,
Reveals one track where he essayed—
Our venturous guide—but yesterday
To pass along the untrodden way.
And yet the pathway, as of old,
Leads on through wonders manifold,
Until the rocky cave we win,
And walls familiar shut us in.

But never in the bloom of May,
Nor ever in midsummer day,
Amid the wealth of living green,
Was sight so fair by mortal seen.
O miracle of ice and frost,
This columned splendor, light-embossed!
All common words of praise are lost!
The drops that in the summer fall
And lose themselves in channels small
Have felt the Frost-King's icy spell

*Refers to Rocky Glen, near Peoria, in winter.

And turned to jewels as they fell.
Ah, plashing drops, to purpose spilt,
What crystal marvels ye have built:
Two pillars, of such measurement
We may not guess their full extent,
With flutings fine and traceries rare
And frostings all beyond compare.

But hark to the murmur of water!
That musical murmur we know.

Where is it? Where is it?

There is it? There is it?

Yes; it is tinkling and rippling and sprinkling,
Making soft laughter below,
Melodious laughter below.

The spring from above never ceases to flow;

A way it will find,

Through the shaft or behind,

Rippling in laughter below,

And slipping past the crystal bolts,

Right onward doth it go,

Down deep beneath the snow.

Talk not of silence while brooklets are singing,

All softly, down under the snow.

Grieve not because the sight and tone,

By man unheard, unseen, unknown,

Are beautiful to God alone.

But now another sweet surprise
Lies hidden under snowy guise.

The bank where ferns are wont to grow
Is swept of drifted depths of snow,
And lo! some green things growing there
A summer look of beauty wear.
The winter parable is old,
And yet may often be retold:
Some pleasant growths resist the cold,
And often that which seems to chill,
Protects and serves and blesses still.
Yet mark—the roots must lie below.
Go where the ferns are wont to grow,
If you would find them 'neath the snow.

But winter twilight comes apace;
And evening shadows interlace
The leafless branches, lifted high
Like pleading arms against the sky.
Our zigzag track we soon retrace,
Albeit with uncertain grace.
The entrance to the gorge we reach,
And homeward go too glad for speech;
While silent stars behold again
The marble beauty of the glen,
And through the silence and the snow
The living waters softly flow.

From *Bright Threads*

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & Co. 1897

HOMESICK

ANN CALLENDER BURDICK

My heart and brain are city-tired to-night:
The endless rush and roar, the life that seems
To be not life, but, to a mortal spent,
Discordant echoes of a restless dream!

Oh, shadows of the past that walk with me,
To-night I have turned coward for your sake,
Praying that when the morning's sun shall rise,
The dream will pass, and I shall be awake.

Again to know the silence of the hills,
The mighty, wordless anthem of the sea,
The song of birds, the fragrance of the earth,—
And all that life was really meant to be.

From Thoughts in Verse

HYMN

WILLIAM HAWLEY SMITH

Great God, how infinite thou art,
How infinite are we;
We are of thee a living part,
Thy children—like to thee.

Eternal progress marks the way
Thy Spirit ever moves;
No dead form or finality
Thy living will approves.

Forever forward is the law
Of life in God and man;
There is no limit, bound, or flaw
In life's unmeasured plan.

Great God, how infinite thou art,
How infinite are we;
Help us each day to do our part
To make ourselves like thee.

A CHILD'S PRAYER

WILLIAM HAWLEY SMITH

When it gets dark, the birds and flowers,
Shut up their eyes and say goodnight;
And God, Who loves them, counts the hours
And keeps them safe till it gets light!

Dear Father! Count the hours to-night,
When I'm asleep and cannot see;
And, in the morning, may the light
Shine for the birds, the flowers, and me!

ROBERT BURNS

SAMUEL PATTERSON PROWSE

Auld Scotia hails him wi' acclaim
The king o'er ilka rhymer.
'Mang a' the bards o' daithless fame
What ither sings diviner?

He toils, yet trills; frae couthie breast
The cantie notes are springing,
Like lav' rocks rising in the east
That soaring, still keeps singing.

Wi' fascinating power he sings
Life's common joys and sorrows,
And frae earth's laigh and limpit things
Apt illustration borrows.

We aften think o' Duncan Gray,
O' shaws whar birds are singing,
O' simmer blink on flow'ry brae
Whar heather bells are ringing;

O' roguish glint in Peggy's ee,
O' lad what lo'ed the lasses,
O' rigs o' barley on the lee,
And sunrise owre the passes.

We see John Anderson again,
And straik Meg's gowden tresses;
His Highland Mary's smile we ken,
We think o' Jean's caresses.

We wanner by the banks o' Cree
Wi' maid o' Ecclefechan,
And when we lilt, "They shall be free,"
Our Scottisch hearts are pechin'.

His verses live a' unimpaired
By change o' time or fashion;
They speak the tongue by a' men shared,
Inspired by human passion.

The secret o' his power we ken—
The same through a' the ages—
'Tis only he who loves a' men
That love o' men engages.

ONLY PARTED

SAMUEL PATTERSON PROWSE

Earth has her mysteries
With which eternal shadows ever blend,
And life is mantled in a solemn guise
That mortals cannot rend.

Could we have vision clear
As one of old, touched by the prophet's hand,
How closely would this world of ours appear
Linked to the Spirit Land!

Who has not felt the rush
Of an unseen and gently soothing power
That steals o'er heavy hearts with solemn hush
In sorrow's trying hour?

There come at such a time
Glad words that sinless angels fain would hear,
And oft they bring a longing for that clime
Where love has cast out fear.

SELFISHNESS

GEORGE HELGESEN FITCH

I did a heartless thing to-day;
The memory rankless still.
'Twas Charlie Jones who barred my way
And asked with nervous thrill
If I would help a fellow-man
By poverty set wild
And let him join the circus clan
By lending him a child.

I am inclined to charity.
Jones nearly got his prize,
And then each child I seemed to see
Gazing with starry eyes
At lions, elephants, and bears,
A shouting wondering elf—
"No sir," I growled, "I'll not go shares.
I'll take them all myself."

EXPERIENCE

WILLIAM JAMES LEACH

To do my work and be myself,
Serenely day by day;
To hold my peace until I know
The word I ought to say;

To learn to give of what I have
For those who may have need;
To lift my life until it find
Expression in a deed;

To live content, yet eagerly
Press on to better things;
To hold, through all my days, the joy
With which glad childhood rings;

To stand alone when others may
Not choose to stand with me;
To give to every fellow-man
This same large liberty;

To see my cherished plans go wrong
And yet not lose my hope;
To walk sometimes in darkness
But never have to grope;

To feel my faith in God and man
Grow brighter day by day;
To learn to live and love and serve;
Most earnestly I pray.

From *Poems and War Letters*
THE MANUAL ARTS PRESS, 1922

LIVING LIGHTLY

WILLIAM JAMES LEACH

My Father, may my hold on life
Be strong and sure and light.
When I should stand, then may I have
The grace and grit to fight.
But when I lose, may I have sense
To get me straight away,
Thankful that I may have a chance
To fight another day.
In such a changing world may I
Not bind myself too fast,
Even to what most precious seems,
For things here do not last.

My friends may I hold dear, and yet
Let me not lean on them.
Who knows the hour I may reach out
In vain to touch the hem
Of that one's garment who stood near
So long, to be my strength?
And I shall stand at last alone.
Each life has its own length.

May I, if this whole day be mine,
Work hard till it is past;
Be ready to let go and smile,
If this should be my last.

From Poems and War Letters

THE MANUAL ARTS PRESS, 1922

A TRIAD

ELLEN GALUSHA SMITH

Yesterday: Coffin of our hopes and cradle of our fears,

A vale of sad regrets for all the good we might have done,

A time to look upon with stinted smiles and plenteous tears,

A land of shadows, save where lit by Love's reflected sun.

And yet, we linger with a fond regret along the way
That leads us on, and sigh to leave the tomb of
Yesterday.

To-day: A living spark that gleams between two endless nights,

A grain of sand that slips between what was and is to be,

A breath, full freighted with the odors of our sweet delights,

Or heavy laden with the dews that rise from Sorrow's sea,

A battle ground, where good and ill wage never ending strife.

Oh, great To-day! thou art, we are—we know no more of life.

To-morrow: Sweet deluder of our ever troubled
race;

To-morrow I shall be healthier, wealthier, wiser;
So, to-day's poverty and pain I bear with better
grace.

Oh, a thousand times as mean as the most sordid
miser

Is the grim cynic who would cheat us, in our present
sorrow,

Of the bright hues of Hope, whose bow of promise
spans To-morrow!

HOME

EUGENE DE'AGUERO BROWN

Stands at the end of a quiet street,
Right where the town and the country meet,—
Our little house, with its nice brown face,
Lending a welcoming air and grace.
Strong in its trimming of milky white,
Breaking the sky-line by day or night,
Pleasantly smiling, it seems to say:
“Here is a house that has come to stay.”
Just 'round the corner the countryside
Spreads out its arms till they're open wide,
Bidding you walk in the clear, fresh air
Out to the country of Don't-Know-Where,
Out to the quiet of timbered dales,
Filled full of legends and fairly tales.
Home! And the echo rings loud and clear.
Oh, when I'm tired, just leave me here.

AT BEDTIME

EUGENE DE'AGUERO BROWN

At bedtime, when the world is still
And good-nights all around are said,
Our children straggle up the hill
That leads them to their fluffy bed.

And sometimes I just straggle too,
And run a race to get undressed,
Or listen while they all go through
The little prayers they love the best.

And sometimes when the light's turned out,
I'll tickle them with funny rhymes,
Or funny things I've heard about,
Or little jokes, and then sometimes

I get in bed with them and play.
It makes them laugh, and kick, and squeal,
And, thinking back along the way,
I know exactly how they feel.

And by and by their eyes, seems like,
Get heavy. Now their Mother's there,
And kisses ev'ry little tyke,
And tucks them in with tender care.

And then we stand there, spell-bound, and
At last we gently slip away,
As eyelids, set with slumber sand,
Have gone to rest until the day.

JAZZ

ARTHUR GALUSHA SMITH

In the marble lobby of the great hotel they stood,
Laughing, jesting,
Waiting for the bronze doors to open
To slide aside for them
That they might whisk aloft to sound-drenched
 floors above,
And pay obeisance with their splendid, lithe, young
 bodies
To the modern god
 Of Jazz!

Youth was theirs, and beauty of a sort,
For they had so bestowed upon themselves
The fullest functionings of razor, tweezers, searing
 needle, lotion, powder, cream, and tint,
That art had fairly well supplied
What modern beauty's standard needs,
In any certain case,
Deem fit and fashionable!

Wealth was surely theirs,
For suits, silks, furs, feathers, jewels, perfumes,
All called out that money was their slave.

Wit, too, was theirs,
For one said to his friends—
The while his polished shoe caressed the slavered,
 brazen urn

That stood there on its littered rubber mat—
“The drinking glasses may be short up there.
“Had we not better take this with us as we go?”

Oh, vanished sturdy prairie pioneers!
The wealth that gushed out from your toiling hands,
The dear-bought wisdom of your rugged minds
Have fruited now in children's children—
Sickening jesters—
 Worshippers of Jazz!

America! America!
Like Rome of old we die
If on our topmost branches there
We burgeon largely
Into painted, sterile fruits
Like these!
 Of Jazz!

ACHIEVEMENT—INSTINCT

ARTHUR GALUSHA SMITH

Along the highway of the states,
From east to west
I saw white painted, huge,
On flattish roofs of barns,
Stark numerals faced upward
Toward the sky.

I thrilled!
These were the sign posts,
Reading from above,
To guide the airmen
In their prairie flight.

The night came down
With fog and rain.
Gone was every huge and staring guide.

Yet on and on through all that night
Wild geese clove the inky black,
And with their age-old cries
(That prickle through man's blood)
Called each to each:
"All's well! We travel south
To our appointed place."

With eyes fast closed
I looked far back
Down aeons, vague with vanished years,
And there an ape-man, naked
Crouched within a tropic cave,
Dull reason dimly showing
Upon his fearful face.

But even then, in that remote abyss of time
That hairy savage heard the wild geese call
Just as they call today.

PERSPECTIVE

ARTHUR GALUSHA SMITH

The near thing
That's the dear thing
Is so hard for us to see.

While the far thing,
Like some star thing,
Lures with its mystery.

THANKSGIVING

FLORENCE JEFFERS SHEARER

That Thou to me hast granted life,
And placed me here, right here, and now,
To toil and strive, to sing and dream—
A unit needed in Thy scheme—
I give Thee thanks.

That I may clasp the hand and gaze
Into the eyes of trusted friend,
And in their mirrored depths I see
A tender love and loyalty,
I give Thee thanks.

That in the petals of the rose,
And in the song of trilling bird,
And in the forest creatures play,
I see Thy joyous radiancy,
I give Thee thanks.

That when the sunlight thrills my soul,
And gleams afar o'er hut and dome,
And when clouds shift in murky air,
I feel Thy presence everywhere,
I give Thee thanks.

That when my steps are faltering,
And indecision hides my path;
When doubts and fears obscure my sight,
Thy guidance leads me to the light,
I give Thee thanks.

I MUST GO BACK

J. MERLE STEVENS

I must go back and find again
The little home I used to know;
I must go back and live once more
Those happy days of long ago.
I must go back!

Adown the unforgotten way
I'll find my childhood home once more,
The weeping willow by the well,
And mother standing at the door.

The trundle-bed where once I slept—
I'll kneel again beside it there,
And as my mother taught me then,
I'll say again my evening prayer.

The sweetheart of the long ago—
I must go back and find her, too,
With golden hair and sunny smile,
And eyes that like the skies were blue.

The old romance, the youthful dreams,
Have gone too far, too far away,
I must go back to them again,
Some where along the backward way.

I must go back and find again
The childhood hope that knew no fears;
I must not lose, in manhood's ways,
The God and faith of childhood's years.

Ah, me! the days that used to be!
How far, how far they seem away!
I seek them through the mist of years—
It is so far to yesterday!
I must go back!

SUNRISE ON THE PRAIRIE

KATHARINE HART

The thick grey clouds lie piled in masses high;
The south wind softly sweeps the silent plain;

The pale stars wane;

Afar the lightning comes and goes again;
All nature sleeps, tho' waking time is nigh.

Alone a tiny insect lifts its voice;

Is answered back—repeats its questioning notes.

Then upward floats

From myriad infinitesimal throats

The gladsome song—"The Night is gone! Rejoice!"

Down in the east, among the tints of grey,
Appears a long, low line of golden light.

In glory bright

The sun sends forth strong beams of radiant might,
And clears the pathway for the coming day!

THE EXULTANT

KATHARINE HART

Comes the Exultant,
Speeding on buoyant feet through ether rare,
His face uplifted to the burning stars,
His heart enfolding all the universe,
And Life and Love within his outstretched hands.
With dauntless mien he fronts the ardent sun,
Triumphant, fearless in its pulsing light;
The joy of joy expands his radiant form,
And peans ecstatic swell his raptured soul.
Lo! The Exultant!

WHEN BABY WRITES

CLAUDE HOLLAND GAMBLE

When baby writes,
He puts a piece of pencil in his hand
And gets a sheet of paper, large or small,
And then he makes some letters that are grand,
Although you cannot read the things at all—
When baby writes.

When baby writes,
He makes a square and then a curving line;
Perhaps he makes a cross across the sheet,
And every daddy says his writing's fine
When baby writes.

When baby writes,
He doesn't use the language that you know;
He's got a little language all his own:
A cross means love, a dot's a kiss—just so;
To dads and mas and babies they are known—
When baby writes.

THIS DAY

(Armistice Day, 1921)

CLAUDE HOLLAND GAMBLE

Three years ago the big guns worked—then halted;

Three years ago the rifles spoke—then stilled;

Three years ago the Right was high exalted;

The war was ended as our Nation willed;

Three years ago we pledged our faith and station;

Three years ago we owed our men a debt;

Three years ago we promised God and Nation

Our best. God help, lest, foolish, we forget!

LITTLE OLD HOUSE

W. KEE MAXWELL

Little old house with the big front yard,
Where the phlox and asters grow,
Where the sentinel maples stand on guard
In a silent, soldierly row,
Whithersoever my steps may roam,
Little old house, you are home, sweet home!

Rollicking kids, on your friendly floor,
How we romped the years away!
Little old house, by your low front door
There was crepe on a springtime day.
Sobbing and laughter, smiles and tears,
These you shared in the long-gone years.

Time is a tide that is never still;
Ever it sweeps us on
Further and further from Youth—until
Life, ere we know, is gone.
Little old house, how the years have flown
Since you knew and sheltered me as your own!

Little old house, there is luxury
In my modern domicile;
An architect earned himself a fee
To fashion its grace and style.
But oh, were it marble with gilded dome,
Little old house, you are home, sweet home!

RAIN

W. KEE MAXWELL

Rain a little, rain a lot,
Rain all day, it matters not.
Though the lanes like freshets run,
Love is love in rain or sun.

Drizzle, drizzle, drab and gray,
Through the weary, dreary day—
Never matter; rain and sun
Are the same when love is done.

YOUTH

JULIA KEMPSHALL CLARK

I am Youth.

I drink from the fountains of life,

I ride on the sunbeams at dawn,

I dance while you mourn,

And I am unafraid.

You, in advance, step aside!

You can not impede my approach.

I must conquer—I always conquer.

Obstacles do not appall me,

Heap them high as you will,

For I know that the world is mine,

All that there is—is mine.

A few years and all power, wisdom, knowledge, are
in my grasp,

For I am the Future's statesman, scholar, scientist,
merchant, soldier, ruler.

You can not deny me; you can not even delay me;

No power so mighty that I may not o'ercome it.

Mine is the stride of the conqueror;

In my heart is the strength of the victor.

Love is mine; love mighty, compelling,

Love creative, consuming.

Life and love are mine; none can deny me.

Onward I come. Step aside! Step aside!

* * * * *

I am the feminine of Youth.

I dance and I dress, I sing and I laugh,

For aeons are futile without me.

In my arms, weak though they seem,
Shall be cradled the might of the future.
From my pains and my anguish
Spring Earth's power and glory.
No nation so strong it can set me aside;
Thrones, kingdoms, republics are naught without me.
The world lies in my untried grasp.
Life, love, joy, pain,—ye are mine—all are mine.

* * * * *

I am the masculine of Youth.
The world waits for me—welcomes me.
I can take what I reach—none denies me.
All power is mine, I feel it astirring;
Age, manhood and womanhood are naught beside me.
Love calls, resistless, puissant.
From my loins spring the hordes of the nations;
Legions await only my summons.
Life's vista's aglow with resplendence;
The game is a glad one, I shrink not, I fear not,
For I am the victor, predestined through time.
On life's pinions I come. Step aside! Step aside!

UNITY

(A Memorial Day Poem)

HASKELL READY ARMSTRONG

One flag above, one land beneath;
One nation proud, its arms in sheath.
One thought, one sorrow; gone are they
Whose deeds we honor here today.

One flag above, one land beneath;
One nation proud, its arms in sheath.
One heart, one head bowed down to pray
For those we honor here today.

Two flags had they, two lands they knew;
Two armies brave their trusts kept true.
Two were they then—one now are they
Whose lives we honor here today.

One flag o'erhead, one earth beneath;
Let nations all their arms ensheath;
Let kingdom quarrels give place to love;
Stop war, O Infinite Power above!

MY HOUSE OF FAME

FRANCES NANCY MARTIN

Long years ago when Life and Thought were young,
I planned a wondrous House of Fame
Therein to dwell in gratified content
As all sang praises to my name.

But Time sped swiftly by me year by year
With Duty calling me by name,
And, when the necessary tasks were done,
No time was left to build for Fame.

And now with ripened years, I ask, oh, Life,
Not laurel wreath, not plaudits loud,
But give me strength to lend a helping hand
To those in grief and sorrow bowed.

I ask for health to do some needed work,
For friends whom I may trust and love,
For vision clear to see beyond Life's clouds
To greater usefulness Above.

LIFE'S CIRCLE

WILLIAM ALEXANDER BONE

We live in circles just as big
And broad as we are great;
Inside, a paradise of love;
Outside, the fires of hate.
We draw a ring around a chosen
Clique or special clan;
Inside, we label caste; outside,
We give to common man.
And thus our love may circle self,
Without a single friend,
Or reach around the world, and
Like the circle never end.

I limit mine by just how much of
Life I strive to live;
I measure it by just how much of
Love I try to give.
Your circle may not circle me,
Nor hold a love for two;
Yet, I can draw a circle big enough
To encircle you.
Your love may turn me down as if
Your circle thought me sin;
And yet, my love can circle out and
Take your circle in.

Your circle may be hate, and you
May shut and bar the doors;
And yet, love's circle never ends;
'Twill always circle yours.
There is no boundary line to God's
Infinite sphere of love;
It covers all the earth and reaches
To the stars above—
Like Him, who came to save the world,
To raise it from its fall,
His circle was so big and broad—His
Love encircled all.

DOUBTING THOMAS

WILLIAM ALEXANDER BONE

Ben Franklin says, "I'll take a kite an' key
An' shock the world with electricity.
Nobody's done it that I know,"
But Doubtin' Thomas says, "Go slow!
Old man, your bonnet's full o' bees—
No 'lectric shocks in kites an' keys."
But then there was. Old Benny sailed his kites
Till all the world has got electric lights.

Then Eli Whitney says, "Guess I'll start in
An' figger out some sort o' cotton gin.
Nobody's done it that I know,"
But Doubtin' Thomas says, "Go slow!
My boy, the world has got enough—
Won't anybody drink the stuff."
But then, "he got there, Eli" with his gin
An' this old world begun to weave an' spin.

Then Cy McCormick vowed, "I'll bring to pass
A time when man can ride an' mow the grass.
Nobody's done it that I know,"
But Doubtin' Thomas says, "Won't mow!
No man will ever see the day
He'll beat a scythe fer cuttin' hay."
But then he did. The old McCormick's mowed
Most all the timothy that's ever growed.

But old Bob Fulton had a funny dream
About a boat he'd build to run by steam.
"Nobody's built one that I know,"
But Doubtin' Thomas says, "Won't go!
The idee trav'lin' anywhere
By power o' steam—it's all hot air!"
You bet it was. I've been takin' notes
An' find the sea is full o' steamin' boats.

Then Sam'l Morse swore that he could fire
Intelligence right through a coil o' wire.
"Nobody's done it that I know,"
But Doubtin' Thomas says, "Won't go!
The idee of a simple sound
A foller'n coils o' wire around!"
But then it did. Old Sammy turned the trick,
An' now the telegraph goes click-ity-click.

An' now Marconi up an' says, "I jing!
I have no use fer wires ner anything.
Nobody needs them that I know,"
But Doubtin' Thomas says, "No show
Fer him! Jest watch him rave an' tear—
That feller's talkin' through the air."
You bet he wus. He choked old Tommy's laugh
An' gave the world a wireless telegraph.

An' there's them flyin' Wrights, Ohio dudes,
Both up an' said they'd conquer altitudes.
"Nobody's done it that we know,"
But Doubtin' Thomas says, "Don't crow!
Can't see no wings ner tail in sight,
An' don't believe them boys be Wright."
But then they was. Sailed altitudes so high
Blame Yankee dudes put near run out o' sky.

Then old Prof. Roentgen says, "With my X-ray
I'll see what's in a man as plain as day.
"Nobody's done it that I know,"
But Doubtin' Thomas says, "Not so!
There ain't no livin' man kin see
A tarnel thing inside o' me!"
Guess he was right. Prof. turned his X-ray on
But couldn't find a thing—Tom's brains was gone.

THE MUTUAL FRIEND

(To a Soldier in France)

ERNEST A. PASQUAY

The daylight fades;
Soft evening shadows fall;
Night spreads her sable wings,
And solitude pervades.

Flooding the sky
With limpid golden light,
The smiling moon breaks forth,
And fleeing clouds float by.

My searching glance
Through vaulted sky beholds
The Star, which greeted you—
Somewhere in France.

LIFE'S PROMISE

BESSIE CURRAN SMITH

Sunset comes with wondrous glow,
Just before the twilight gray,
Bringing with its mellow light
Promise of another day.

Autumn comes with richest tints,
Warmly touching everything,
Bringing with its lavish wealth
Promise of another spring.

So the change which we call death—
For the soul is Nature's rest—
Bringing with its mystic power
Promise of victorious quest.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

ELLA BESEMAN

Great pile, thou speak'st a language of thine own!
Thy chapels, towers, monuments, and spires,
Thy carvings, tombs, and every stone on stone
Breathe of the souls once filled with heavenly fires.
What builders brought their noblest gifts to thee!
What artists wrought through countless weary hours!
What kings before thine altars bent the knee!
What honored dead came here when earth's fair
 bowers
No longer held them with a magic spell!
In truth, thou glorious temple of the Lord,
Thou art the home of earth's great thoughts as well;
In thee, ideals, hopes, honors, dreams are stored.
Thou sayest to the world's admiring eyes,
"The soul lives on, 'tis but the clay that dies."

JUSTICE

MARK LANGDON ROWELL

The rulers of earth are new,
But the laws of the earth are old,
And will compass the range of the seasons of change
Till the fullness of time is told.

Ye can build in what manner ye will,
But your fabric will fall to the flaw.
Ye may think to do wrong by the right of the strong,
But ye cannot evade the law.

Ye may hold up its wisdom to scorn;
Ye may mock at the might of its breath,
But its truth will outlive any slur ye can give,
For "the wages of sin is death."

The nations have governed the earth
In the might of their power and pride,
Whom the wrath of the world to destruction hath
hurled
For the law that they cast aside.

The kings of the earth have built
On the dust where their fathers slept,
And have mustered their braves on the turf-sodded
graves
Where the wars of their sires have swept.

The fabric of earth is old,
And the dust on its altars is deep.
Will ye boastingly sing of the wisdom ye bring
Nor remember the law ye keep?

For the law shall forever endure,
And your children shall bow to its rod
In obedience meet till they climb to the feet
Of its maker, and judge, and God.

ALLEGORY

JOSEPH ROWE BINFORD, JR.

At close of day when dusk is nigh,
A glory road shines in the sky
And flames and flashes far on high
When dusk is come.

The dead are dead, and in their stead
Is naught to mark that they have bled,
Save many a poppy's brilliant red,
At evening time.

A half majestic, earthy throng,
The hosts of battle march along,
Supernal voices raised in song,
In praise of Him.

On, on they go. The light is dim;
On, on beyond the earth's gold rim,
The hosts of battle follow Him,
Through sunset's glow.

The glory road leads to the west;
The dead are marching to their rest,
And Christ enfolds them in His breast,
At close of day.

A ROMANCE OF THE SPRINGTIME

LIESEL BEWSHER

As softly as a flitting moth,
Spring came, dancing, in the night
And left behind her as a gift
My little pear tree decked in white.

A burst of bloom on every twig,
She holds her head with dainty pride,
Waiting for the errant wind,
Who comes to claim her for his bride.

OH, WHAT A DAY!

RUTH VIRGINIA GIBSON

Gray day, gray skies,
Winds that whistle and screech;
Black waves, green waves,
Sweeping over the beach.
Calling wildly,
Birds fly swiftly away;
Far, near, all drear,
Oh, what a day! What a day!

EVEN AS THESE

PHILIP LEIGH GIBSON

What does the young corn know
But to exist and grow?
Its glad, green arms stretched mutely up to God;
Firmly implanted in the clean, moist earth
Which gave it birth,
It lives a life of thankfulness, each row
Loving its root-run clod.

What does the peach tree know
But to exist and grow?
For April's beauty fades in autumn time;
Yet in each homely branch there breathes and lives
The glow it gives when blossoms blow.
It is His gift—unseeing man is slow
To follow the sublime.

SHRINE

HELEN IDA MORROW

A candle was shaped for a shrine by a child,
New to the ways of worshipers.
She molded the wax in her hands, and smiled
At the prayer she would pray,
At the chant she would say,
At the flowers she would lay
On the altar.

A god wandering past said, "Fire you have none;
Let me blow on your candle and give it a flame;
You must have fire though your gods be of stone."
So he gave her a fire
That trembled higher,
And smiled at the wistfulness of her desire
Lest it falter.

She saw the slow smile as it dreamed on his face,
Ere he stepped to the throne by the shrine she had
 hewn.

His shrine and his flowers,
His sun and his showers,
Even the days and the hours
His.

She stumbled, half-sleeping, toward the shrine,
And her candle she put at his feet.
"The candle and shrine and chant are thine,

The candle I made;
The chant I prayed;
You lit the flame on the candle," she said.

Did he hear? Did he see? Ah, who knows?
Was she woman or child?
I believe he arose, half-startled to see
Such a gypsy there,
Scarlet leaves in her hair.
Was it Eden and angel and sword to dare?

"I have candles enough on my shrines," said he;
"Keep that warm in your heart for me."
. And smiled.

FRIEND

HARVEY NORMAN RINGEL

You take me from the shadowy land
And show to me the glorious sun,
Which tries to hide itself in vain
Among the clouds so silvery spun.

Lovely pictures, too, you paint
Of the future yet to be,
And then the hosts of heavenly saints
Lend all their earthly aid to thee.

And when to you I tell my heart,
You seem to live my sorrow, too—
As if it were a secret part
Of the heart God gave to you.



A BUSY CORNER

RUSSELL EDWARD McMURRAY

A bustling crowd, a noisy street,
A street car's clang and shuffling feet,
Policeman's whistle, newsies' cries,
A muddled noise that seldom dies,
The autos' horns, the motors' hum,
And street cars clattering as they come,
All jumble till one noise is heard,
And this is summed up in one word—
Confusion.



MELANCHOLY

LAWRENCE WILLARD COCKRELL

Violets demure and butter-cups sweet,
Bright new leaves and grasses springing,
Breezes warm, their promise bringing,
Came my mournful face to greet—
I did not see.

Daffodils gayly dancing after
Winds have gently kissed their heads,
Daisies, smiling from their beds,
Speak of joy, of love, of laughter—
But not to me.

SPRING

ALSACE MOINE CROSBIE

Spring calls from over the hills;
She has come.
In the woods her soft voice rises;
She has come.
In my garden
So recently covered with snow,
Wee flowers in delicate robes arise
And peep from under their sheltering green.
In the warm, brown earth,
Grey, ugly bulbs expand and burst,
And, pushing their pale shoots upward,
Break forth from their winter home
And appear in my garden.

THE CLIFF

ALICE LOVERIDGE

It was God's resting place in this great universe.
At high noon
Could be heard the soft twitterings
Of the birds,
The peaceful rustle of the leaves,
And the ever-restful wash, wash of the waters.

MOONRISE ON A MISTY EVENING

THELMA LORRAINE CROSBIE

A great orange lantern
Rising,
Hanging,
Glowing in a blue-grey sky.

Soft, pale-yellow mist
Veiling,
Enfolding,
Caressing the gleaming ball.

BLOSSOM-SHRINE

CAMILLE MAHANNAH

Crazy Jim walks past my door
Every day at a quarter to four;
I wonder what in the world he sees
As he gazes up at my apple trees.

Just now when they are in blossoms dressed
And robins and orioles have found a nest,
And on every cluster's delicate pink
Pauses a homing bee to drink,
Old Jim stretches forth his arms so wide
As if to gather that beauty inside.

Perhaps up in the branches there,
Smiles down a dryad wondrous fair,
For Jim's bent hat with its battered straw
Is doffed in reverential awe,
And his dim eyes glow with a holy light
As if Diana greeted his sight.

Crazy Jim walks past my door
Every day at a quarter to four;
I wonder what in the world he sees
As he gazes up at my apple trees.

INDIAN WOMEN

DOROTHY CROWDER

From the native village come the Indian women,
Bringing their baskets to sell to the townspeople;
Three of them are coming slowly up the street,
Each bearing a basket on her head and a child in
her arms;

Their gaudy pink and red skirts drag on the dusty
ground,

And around their heads are rusty, mournful black
scarfs.

They are tired, and sit on a curbstone, resting and
nursing their babies,

Shielding them with their scarfs from the glances
of passers-by;

A customer approaches; they haggle over prices,
But finally the basket is sold, and they go on their
way, stolidly,

Talking among themselves in strange, guttural tones.

FROM THE DESERT

DOROTHY CROWDER

On the corner stands a lone cactus;
Its fellows are far away in the desert.
It, too, was once of the desert,
But a town sprang up around it, destroying its
 kindred.
It bristles now in its armor, defying man to touch it,
And turns its proud gaze to the mountains,
Defiant, alone.

FRIENDS

FROM AN ARIZONA EASEL

DOROTHY CROWDER

I have some rugged mountain friends.
I could watch forever their restless shadows and
 colors;
Sometimes they are bleak, forbidding,
Their peaks looking coldly toward the sky.
Sometimes they withdraw and shroud themselves
 with a veil of mist,
Later emerging, their heads covered with snow.
But I love them most at sunset,
When they are aflame with gorgeous color—
Then they are friendly, and seem to wish me well.

LAKE EVENING

HOLLAND DEWITTE ROBERTS

Little waves are lapping all along the shore,

Whispering together, tapping at the door;

In and out the moonbeams patter golden bright,

Weaving webs of shadow from the woof of night.

REQUIEM

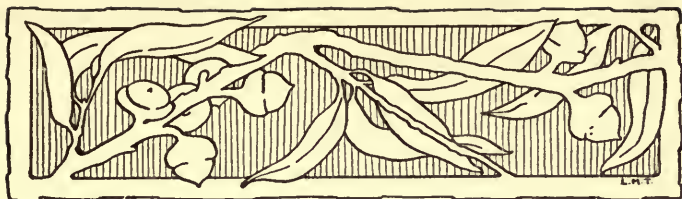
HOLLAND DEWITTE ROBERTS

Last night I dreamed of flowers,
Great bunches of pinks and roses,
And you among them, shaking them in showers
Over me as I lay sleeping in the sun.—
Now I wander like a lonely ghost,
Feeling the emptiness of dreams
 When they are done.

A MID-SUMMER BONNET

MARY ROBINSON GIBSON

Oh, what a love of a mid-summer bonnet!
See the adorable fripperies on it!
Misty with lace and with crepe de chine shirring,
Feelings of longing in maiden hearts stirring.
See the deep pink in the rose petals glowing,
Just a wee bit underneath the brim showing.
Light as a fancy of fairy creation,
Wearing it causes a thrill of elation.
"Isn't it dear?" echo girl voices gladly,
Searching each purse for the price of it, madly.
"Isn't it dear?" asks the one who will wear it;
"Terribly dear!" yes, her father will swear it.
Just for some lace with a few roses on it—
Ah, but it's such an adorable bonnet!



BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

AUTHORS REPRESENTED IN THIS BOOK

HASKEL READY ARMSTRONG.

Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1891. Lived in Peoria since 1901. Eight years in newspaper work in news and editorial departments. Manager of a life insurance agency in 1922. Founder and first president of Lions Club of Peoria.

ELLA BESEMAN.

Born in Dresden in 1861. Lived in Peoria since 1862. Teacher and principal of a public school. President of Peoria Teachers' Club, 1906-1907. President of School Mistresses Club of Illinois, 1907-1908.

LIESEL BEWSHER.

Born in Peoria, 1894. Kindergarten teacher, Peoria.

JOSEPH ROWE BINFORD, JR.

Born in Bolton, Texas, 1896. In Peoria since 1910. Student.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER BONE (BILL BONE)

Born in Petersburg, Ill., 1869. Lived in Peoria since 1912. Lecturer and entertainer. Author of *'Twxixt Twilight and Dawn* (poems) and *House of Man* (prose and poetry—a lecture). In lyceum and Chautauqua work for eighteen years.

EUGENE DE' AGUERO BROWN (GENE BROWN)

Born in Elmwood, Ill., 1875. In Peoria since 1876. Business, real estate sub-divisions. Author of *Thanksgiving and Other Rhymes*, *Life Pictures and Other Thoughts*, *Rhymes 'Round Home*, and *Little Brown Book*. Has been president of Aircraft Club, Auto Trails Association, Good Roads Association, and Illinois Valley Protective Association.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE

Born in Greensboro, Pa., 1844; died in Pasadena, Calif., 1914. Removed to Peoria in boyhood. Newspaper writer in Peoria. Later, editor of Burlington, Ia., *Hawkeye*, on which he made his reputation as a humorist. Afterwards on *Brooklyn Eagle*. Began lecturing in 1876. Became licensed minister of the Baptist Church in 1887. Ordained and became pastor of Temple Baptist Church, Los Angeles, Calif., in 1903; made pastor emeritus, 1909. Author of *Hawkeyetems*, *Rise and Fall of the Moustache*, *Sumach Garden*, *Life of William Penn*, *Sons of Asaph*, *Smiles Yoked with Sighs*, *Chimes from a Jester's Bells*, *Drums of the 47th*, and others.

ANN CALENDAR BURDICK (MRS. CHARLES S.)

Born in Peoria, 1875; died, 1914. Author of *Thoughts in Verse*. Contributor to several magazines of national circulation.

JULIA KEMPSHALL CLARK (MRS. ANDREW G.)

Born in Rochester, N. Y., in the 40's. In Peoria since 1900. Author of *Out of the Ruts*. Contributor to religious and other magazines and newspapers. Traveller, art student, and club lecturer. Founder of Inter-Church League, Peoria, and president for ten years. Founder of As You Like it Club, Peoria.

LAWRENCE WILLARD COCKRELL.

Born in Harper, Kansas, 1900. In Peoria since 1917. Student in Peoria High School and assistant in Peoria Public Library.

ALSACE MIONE CROSBIE.

Born at Grand Rapids, Mich., 1905. In Peoria since 1914. Student in theological course, Tufts College, Mass.

THELMA LORRAINE CROSBIE.

Born in Joliet, Ill., 1903. In Peoria since 1914. Student, Peoria High School. Winner of Rice Memorial essay prize on "City Improvements" in 1920 and Woman's Relief Corps essay prize on "Patriotism" in 1917.

DOROTHY CROWDER.

Born in Peoria, 1898. Teacher of English, Peoria High School, 1919-21. Doctor's assistant, 1922. Wrote senior class play at Bradley Polytechnic Institute, 1917.

ELIZABETH WORTHINGTON DENISON.

Born at Woodstock, Vt., 1836; died, 1920. Resident of Peoria at different periods from 1856 to 1896. Teacher in public schools. Principal of Pettingill Seminary, Peoria. Author of a book, *Lucy's Way Out of the Dark*, also poems, essays, and short stories. Charter member of Peoria Women's Club and of the Memorial Day Association.

GEORGE HELGESEN FITCH.

Born at Galva, Ill., 1877; died 1915. Lived in Peoria, 1905-1915. Editor, Peoria Transcript, 1905-1913. Author of *At Good Old Siwash*, *Homeburg Memories*, *These United States*, *My Demon Motor Boat*, and stories published in *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *American Magazine*, and others. Member of Illinois General Assembly, 1913-1915. Was President of American Press Humorists' Association.

CLAUDE HOLLAND GAMBLE (CHI GAMBLE)

Born at Woodhull, Ill., 1886. In Peoria since 1915. Editor of *Galva News*, 1909-1915. Successively reporter, managing editor, and editor *The Peoria Journal*, 1915-1922. Since July 1922, editorial writer, *Peoria Evening Star*. Contributor to *Judge*. Member of American Press Humorists' Association.

MARY ROBINSON GIBSON.

Born in Peoria, 1870. Teacher in public schools, 1859-1901. Soprano soloist in Peoria churches, 1892-1901. Secretary, West End Literary Club. Author of verses published in local newspapers.

PHILIP LEIGH GIBSON.

Born in Peoria, 1902. Newspaper reporter, and then assistant publicity manager for the Illinois Traction System. Contributor to local newspapers and several magazines. Chairman of Publicity Committee, Peoria Advertising and Selling Club.

RUTH VIRGINIA GIBSON.

Born in Peoria, 1904. In Circulation Department, *Peoria Journal-Transcript*. Literary editor of *The Manual* during part of high school course.

KATHARINE HART.

Born in New York City, 1854. Resident of Peoria since 1879. Music teacher. Writer of Children's stories, poems and miscellaneous magazine articles. Founder of Amateur Musical Club. Director of Student Department of Amateur Musical Club for eleven years.

ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL.

Born in Dresden, N. Y., 1833; died at Dobb's Ferry, N. Y., 1899. Spent childhood in Wisconsin, and after 1843 in Illinois. Practiced law in Shawneetown, Ill. Removed to Peoria in 1860. Colonel of Illinois cavalry in 1862. Appointed attorney general of Illinois in 1866. Attained national fame as an orator in a nominating speech in favor of James G. Blaine in 1876. Famous as a lecturer and writer against the Christian religion. Author of *Gods, Ghosts, Some Mistakes of Moses, Prose Poems*, etc.

JULIA HARRIETTE JOHNSTON.

Born in Salineville, Ohio, 1849; died in Peoria, 1919. Resident in Peoria, 1859-1919. Writer of religious books, notes on Sunday School lessons and hymns. Author of *School of the Master, Bright Threads, Life of Adoniram Judson, Who Was It?, Fifty Missionary Heroes, Our Spanish and Indian Neighbors*, and *Benedictions of the Bible*. For twenty years president of the Woman's Presbyterial Society of Peoria Presbytery. Vice-President Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest.

WILLIAM JAMES LEACH (REVEREND)

Born in Callingwood, Ontario, Canada, 1875; died in Peoria, 1922. Lived in and near Peoria, 1899-1922. Minister and student; later, minister and newspaper writer. First student in Bradley Polytechnic Institute to win prize in an

oratorical contest at University of Chicago. Served in Fifth Illinois Infantry during Spanish-American War. During the World War served with the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Pike and then six months in France with the Second Division, U. S. A. Pastor of Methodist churches in Morton, Pekin, Averyville, and El Paso, Ill. Author of *Poems and War Letters*.

CAMILLE MAHANNAH.

Born in Peoria, 1897. Teacher of English in Manual Training High School. Author of a number of short stories and poems. President of Bradley Polytechnic Institute English Club, 1921-22. Winner of Bradley Institute short story contest, 1917 and 1918.

FRANCES NANCY MARTIN.

Born in Peoria, 1868. Musician and writer, especially of children's stories.

W. KEE MAXWELL.

Born at Bardolph, Ill., 1879. Lived in Peoria for six years. Editor of *Peoria Transcript* and *The Peoria Journal*. Left Peoria to become editor of *The Akron Times*, Akron, Ohio. Writer of stories for magazines of which his best known are *The Yellow Peril* in *The American Magazine* and *The Baseball Mascot* in *Collier's*. An officer in the American Press Humorists' Association.

RUSSELL EDWARD McMURRY.

Born in Peoria, 1905. Student in Peoria High School. Writer of verses for local newspapers. Circulation manager of the *High School Opinion*, 1921-22.

HELEN IDA MORROW.

Born in Eureka, Ill., 1899. Lived in Peoria one year, writing for local newspapers. Returned to Eureka College. Her poem "Rain at Night," published in a book, *American Verse*. Miss Morrow made the original suggestion that led to the very successful Festival of Poetry held at Eureka in 1921. She was secretary of the Festival Association.

JOHN J. O'KEEFE.

Born in Ireland, 1855. Lived in Peoria since 1872. Has been an engineer and fireman, and later a special night watchman for certain homes on Moss Ave. His poems have been published in newspapers in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, as well as Peoria.

ERNEST A. PASQUAY.

Born in Brooklyn N. Y., 1861. Lived in Peoria since 1876. Engaged in the wholesale grocery business.

SAMUEL PATTERSON PROWSE.

Born in Greenock, Scotland, 1856; died in Peoria, 1921. Resident of Peoria since 1894. Telegraph editor, Peoria Evening Star; then Collector of U. S. Customs in Peoria; and finally, for several years, librarian, Peoria Public Library. A popular speaker and local writer.

HARVEY NORMAN RINGEL.

Born in Peoria, 1903. Student, Peoria High School.

HOLLAND DEWITTE ROBERTS.

Born in Springfield, Nebraska, 1895. In Peoria 1899-1916. While in Peoria, a student in Bradley Polytechnic Institute. Later, student at University of Chicago, then in the Army, and now principal of the high school at Arlington Heights, Illinois. Contributor of stories to several magazines. Literary editor of *Les Soldats*, an A. E. F. magazine in Dijon, France, during the World War.

MARK LANGDON ROWELL.

Born in Winona, Minn., 1890. In Peoria, 1913-1916, as a student and assistant instructor in Bradley Polytechnic Institute. Winner of George Fitch Memorial Medal for poetry, 1916. Teacher, and mechanical and electrical engineer since leaving Peoria.

FLORENCE JEFFERS SHEARER (MRS.)

Born in Henderson, N. Y., 1861. In Peoria since 1920. Contributor of verses to newspapers.

ARTHUR GALUSHA SMITH (DR.)

Born in Morris, Illinois, 1871. In Peoria since 1881. Dentist. Secretary of Illinois Dental Society and editor of its *Bulletin*. When member of School Board, helped start dental clinic in public schools. Writer on both scientific and literary subjects. Reader, singer, actor. One of the moving spirits in organizing the Peoria Players.

BESSIE CURRAN SMITH (MRS. ARTHUR G.)

Born in Delavan, Ill., 1877. In Peoria since 1897. Musician. Has been secretary of Peoria Players and of the Amateur Musical Club. Member of Board of Directors of Women's Club, and of the State Art Extension Committee.

ELLEN GALUSHA SMITH (MRS. WILLIAM HAWLEY)

Born in Lisbon, Ill., 1849; died in 1922. In Peoria from 1881 to 1922. Painter. For many years an officer in the Peoria Art League. Charter member of Peoria Women's Club. Writer of essays on philosophical and theosophical subjects.

WILLIAM HAWLEY SMITH.

Born in Sunderland, Massachusetts, 1845; died in 1922. In Peoria, 1881-1922. Newspaper editor and publisher, manufacturer, author, lecturer, sociologist, and always a teacher. Author of *Promoters, Walks and Talks*, and *Children by Chance or by Choice*; also two notable books on education: *Evolution of Dodd* and *All the Children of All the People*. One of the foremost platform speakers of his time. Traveled with Bill Nye one season, 1891-1893.

JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING (MOST REVEREND)

Born in Lebanon, Ky., 1840; died in Peoria in 1916. Chancellor of Diocese of Louisville, 1871. Consecrated Bishop of Peoria in 1877. Created titular Archbishop in 1909. Author of *Essays on Religion and Art, Essays and Reviews, The Religious Mission of the Irish People, Education and the Higher Life, Things of the Mind, Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education, Opportunity and Other Essays, Religion,*

Agnosticism and Education, Socialism and Labor and Other Arguments, America and Other Poems, The Poet's Praise, Songs, chiefly from the German, and Life of Archbishop Spalding.

J. MERLE STEVENS (REVEREND)

Born in Mount Vernon, Iowa, 1868. In Peoria since 1907. Pastor of Union Congregational Church. Lecturer on the Chautauqua platform. Writer of poems for magazines. Author of *Shakespeare as a Religious Teacher*. President of Allied English Interests of Peoria, 1922.

JOSEPHINE BOWMAN WETZLER (MRS. T. E.)

Born in Peoria, 1895. Contributor to local newspapers and other periodicals.

JULIA PROCTOR WHITE (MRS. CHARLES F.)

Born in Peoria, 1875. Resident of Peoria, 1875-1891 and since 1900. Always active in the interests of art and better community life. Musician and composer; play actor and writer of plays for children; director of the Recreational Art Studio of Peoria; one of the founders of the Peoria Players and of the Peoria Society of Allied Arts. Has been president of the Peoria Women's Club, an officer in the Free Kindergarten Association, and was one of the founders of the Women's Civic Federation.



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